

The Historie of

breake the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadsbill, Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to se my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quothe) marry Ile see the hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there's a Franckelin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worships't Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are othe

Troians

Henrie

Troians that thou dream'st not content to do the profession, (should be lookt into) for their I am ioyned with no footeland strikers, none of these mad murderers, such as can hold in such as v speake sooner then drinke, and (Zounds) I lie, for they pray common-wealth, or rather not pray side vp and downe on her, and

Cham. What, the Common out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, iustice a castle cocksure: we haue the inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I the night then to Fernesced, for

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me ha

Gad. Go to, homo is a common bring my gelding out of the sta

Enter Prince, Poi

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet

Prin. Stand close.

Fals. Poynes. Poynes, and b

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidney thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the to

Fals. I am accur'd to rob in the hath remooued my horse, and trauell but foure foote by the square my winde. Well, I doubt not this, if I scape hanging for killing his company hourelly any time